ZOLA A DEGENERATE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXAMINATION OF THE GREAT FRENCH LITTERATEUR.

ZOLA HIMSELF ADMITS THAT THE VERDICT OF THE SCIENTISTS IS TRUE.

Abnormal Respiration Traces by Pneumograph.

Abnormal Tracing of Zola's Pulse Beat.

EMILE ZOLA, the famous French novelist, now an exile for espousing the cause of Dreyfus, the prisoner of state; Zola, the most widely read Parisian author, is a degenerate.

That is the verdict of scientists, who have studied him. They say this is indicated by the thick ridge of the ear, by the crudeness of the lines in the finger prints.

All agree that he is abnormal, a neuropath, one whose nervous system yields painful, rather than pleasurable, sensations, Yet this very quality is said to be the stimulus to the intellect which marks genius.

And, most extraordinary to relate, Zola himself has read this sad verdict of the scientists and confesses that it is all true!

This is the beginning in the study of the new Science of Man. It consists of gathering together every possible item and fact about an individual and classifying this data under different heads.

In this searching study of Zola the quality of greatness disappears like a myth In its place comes an astounding revelation of weaknesses and commonplaces. Yet, strange to say, when all these are put together again in the right proportion we have the man, forceful, with the intellectual power and quality of all qualities worshipped by mankind, the ability to succeed.

As a mere freak of modern science this analysis is curious, as suggesting a means for every man to observe and know himself it is invaluable. By this means Zola has been made a standard of the modern man, not ideal, but actual, from which every other man may measure himself.

Zola has been measured by the Bertillon system like a criminal. He has been analyzed physically like the subject before a medical students' clinic.

His finger imprints have been taken and studied. His pulse beat and respiration have been recorded by the tracings of finest instruments.

He had been diagnosed by physicians, and his physical evolution from birth to the present time recorded. He has been probed mentally and morally and all his eccentricities set down. In fact, Zola has been studied as no other man.

To know Zola, the man, he must be traced back to birth. That was on April 2, 1840, in Paris. He did not nurse at his mother's breast, but by artificial means. He was weaned at the usual time, and was puny and easily frightened. He was backward in learning to talk, and he did not learn to read till he was seven years old.

At the age of two he had an attack of cerebral fever, and for some hours he was thought to be dead. He had childish ills between six and seven, and was for some time delicate, but finally became strong, with a tendency to fatness.

Zola was not precocious. He learned little between five and twelve years of age. But as early as ten he had a little love affair. With his male companions he was reserved, not making acquaintances easily, but affectionate toward those he loved.

At the age of twelve he entered school at the town of Lycee, in Aix. He was behind in his studies, and was at the foot of his class. But he went to work seriously, and won several prizes at the end of the year. He chose a scientific course on account of his repugnance to Greek.

When eighteen he left Lycee and returned to Paris, with his parents, and prepared to continue his studies. But he fell behind his comrades, and they made fun of him because of his provincial dialect. Becoming discouraged and disgusted with classical training, he did not follow the course, and did not do well in other studies. He even failed in an examination in literature. At that time he was thrown upon the world, with his mother, and they lived among the poor of Paris.

Zola is now fifty-seven years of age. He is below medium stature. His chest is large and his shoulders high and narrow. He has a long reach of the arms—almost ape-like.

His skin is white and wrinkled in places, the marks on his forehead having been there since childhood. His hair is dark, and his body is heavily covered with hairy growth.

His head is of more than ordinary size, but this does not necessarily mean a larger brain, as the thickness of the bones of the cranium is unknown.

Zola has several peculiar markings, classified as signs of degeneracy. The lower part of both ears is almost absent, and the border adheres to the cheeks. The upper left eyelid is very low. He is near-sighted, with an orbicular contraction of the eyes.

Zola's hands are not those of the artist. They are broad, rather than long. The two median folds in the palms unite at their extremities. This indicates a great possibility of animal movement.

The finger imprints of Zola are said by scientists to be one of the strongest evidences of his degeneracy. The simple form of the arch which M. Fere finds most common among degenerates is very marked in Zola's middle left finger.

Emile Zola at Six Years of Age.

Zola's nervous system is over-sensitive. This may be due to the abundance of hairs on the skin, much beyond the normal. His sensitiveness to heat and cold is very great. He is exceedingly sensitive to pain. When he is standing there is a slight oscillation to the right if his eyes are closed and his feet placed close together. This is due to a chronic tendency to vertigo.

Sleep, which brings to most people sweet refreshment, is almost a nightmare to this strangely deranged man. After seven or eight hours of rest he awakens with a feeling of fatigue and with cramps in the whole body and a sensation of painful lassitude.

His nervous disorder breaks out in the form of heart spasms, cramps and trembling. It develops into periods or crises of pain which manifest themselves in many forms. He has been subject to these nervous convulsions, amounting almost to fits since the age of twenty. They have brought on periods of nervous colic.

Between the ages of forty-five and fifty this nervous malady took the form of spasms of the chest. At present these are less violent, but he is almost constantly feeble and irritable.

The slightest things which in a healthy man pass unnoticed put him into a violently nervous condition, the tight fit of a waist coat or a pressure in a crowd, resulting in severe attacks of spasms of the chest. These things simply show that Zola has a certain lack of nervous equilibrium, an aggravated and morbid emotionalism, which, under ordinary excitements, cause painful reactions. This brands him as a neuropath a man whose whole nervous system is painful.

The sensory nerves, which bring pleasant sensations to most people, are only avenues of torture to him.

As might be inferred many of his senses are abnormal, being almost like animals'. For instance, his sense of smell is so acute that when sitting down to a table blindfolded he can detect and name every kind of food on the table from the odors.

But on the other hand his sense of hearing is very erratic. He can hear discordant noises easily, but his musical ear is so poor that he cannot readily distinguish even common melodies.

His nervous disorder shows itself in another way that is marvellous in an author. He has a very poor recollection of words, phrases and grammatical and rhetorical constructions. His memory is poor; he cannot learn even a short speech by heart. Passages read to him from such well known authors as Balzac, Pascal, Moliere, Rosseau and Hugo, he is not able to recognize and distinguish.

His emotional language is feeble. He cannot imitate a voice or gesture. The intellectual sentiment that causes Zola to write is not a pleasure in his work, but the necessity of accomplishing a set task like the brute impulse of the meanest laborer.

There seems to be a total absence of spirituality in Zola. He believes in nothing in the way of religion; he thinks that death means complete annihilation.

He bases morality on physical laws, which are simply: that which is right and healthful does not injure or cause pain.

Fear is one of his principal emotions. He dreads to ride through a forest at night. Though he is so lacking in any higher sentiment, he has a passion for mathematical order. Certain figures and numbers have for him as great a fascination as to the ignorant policy player.

From his desire to count arise superstitions. Certain numbers have a bad influence on him. If by adding to the number of a cab he gets a superstitious number, he will not hire the hack; or if he is obliged to, he fears some evil will befall him, as not to succeed in the errand he is upon.

For some time "3" was a good number; to-day "7" reassures him; thus in the night, he opens his eyes seven times to prove that he is not going to die. But the number "17," which reminds him of an important date that fate has willed, disturbs him.

When in the street he counts the gas jets, the numbers of doors, and especially the numbers of hacks. When in his home he counts the steps of the staircases, the different things on his bureau; he must touch the same pieces of furniture a certain number of times before he goes to sleep.

Zola has superstitious ideas outside of his arithmetical mania. He accomplishes certain things from fear if he should not disagreeable experiences would fall to his lot.

From the age of thirty certain morbid ideas have developed. He lets them run into "their manias," as he says, and he is then contented. Doubt is one. He is always afraid of not being able to do his daily task; of being incapable of completing a book. He never re-reads his novels for fear of making bad discoveries; he has no confidence in himself in this respect.

Yet in spite of all these abnormal traits Zola is what he is—a successful man, if not a genius.

Abnormal Thumb and Finger Prints, One of the Strongest Evidences of Zola's Degeneracy.

BY EMILE ZOLA HIMSELF.

I have read this critical study of myself, and it is authentic and true, and I have willingly granted permission to publish it, for I have one desire in life, th etruth, and one purpose, to make the most of truth.

That which tends to truth cannot but be excellent. I give this permission to publish because I have never hidden anything. I have lived openly, spoken freely and without fear that which I believed to be good and useful. In the thousands of pages I have written I have nothing to withdraw. If my works have certain vices they may be good for something as serving a lesson. This study of me is about one who has given his life to work and dedicated to this work all his physical, mental and moral forces. EMILE ZOLA.

ZOLA'S BERTILLON MEASUREMENTS.

Height	5 ft. 7⅛ in.	Length of left foot	10½ in.
Sitting height	35½ in.	Length of right foot	10¾ in.
Arm reach	5 ft. 10 in.	Vertical diameter of head	5¾ in.
Length of head	7½ in.	Chest girth	3 ft. 5½ in.
Width of head	6¼ in.	Waist girth	3 ft. 5¾ in.
Length of right ear	2¾ in.	Weight	160 pounds
Width of right ear	1¼ in.		

DESCRIPTION.

FOREHEAD—Arches medium, inclination medium; height and length above average; several horizontal wrinkles.
COLOR OF IRIS OF EYE—Chestnut, outer edge greenish slate.
NOSE—Root of medium depth; ridge rectilinear; base slightly elevated; medium in height and prominence; nostrils wide.
LIPS—Upper lip prominent, medium thick.
CHIN—Inclination prominent, height low.
MOUTH—Medium in size, corners lowered.
RIGHT EAR—Superior and posterior ridges large.
LOBE OF EAR—Outline square, slightly adheres to cheek; height large.
LEFT EAR—Original ridge small, superior ridge medium, posterior ridge large.
EYELIDS—Upper left one uncovered.
HAIR—Chestnut.
BEARD—Light chestnut, turning to gray.

Zola's Short, Broad Hand Does Not Show Artistic Temperament.

This Palm Indicates Great Animal and Criminal Activity.

BISMARCK'S IDEAS ABOUT AMERICANS.

THE late Prince Bismarck took a deep interest in America and American ways. Although he was a conservative, he was no old fogy who ignored the world's progress. He had no love for democracy, but he could appreciate many things in a democratic country.

Mr. A. Theodor A. Wangemann, who went to Germany in 1889 to exhibit Edison's phonograph, was invited to visit Prince Bismarck several times. The Prince took a deep interest in the phonograph, but he was still more interested in America and the Germans in America.

"I was first invited to call on the Prince," said Mr. Wangemann, "at the Imperial Chancellery in Berlin. Then he asked me to his house at Friedrichsruh. I went to lunch.

"After lunch I talked to him for half an hour about electricity and the phonograph. He spoke two rolls into the phonograph, which I still have. One contained good advice to his son, Herbert, which I am not at liberty to repeat.

"Into the other he spoke a number of snatches of national songs. You will be interested to hear that one of these was an American song and a very curious one. It was 'In the good old colony days when we had a king.' He said he had learned this from John Lothrop Motley, who was the most intimate friend he ever had.

"In the afternoon we went for a drive and then had supper. It was in the evening that he began to ask me questions about America. He asked endless questions and answered very few.

"'Why is it,' he asked, 'that so many uneducated Germans go to America and do so well? Why is it that so many educated Germans go there and get into all sorts of trouble?'

"He said that he met a German-American in Kissingen once who had gone to America as a poor man and become rich. 'I asked him,' said the Prince, 'if he had to work very hard in America. He said he did, but the American way was different from the German. When they worked in America they worked very hard, and when that was over they played very enthusiastically.'

"He regretted that the Germans in the United States lost their nationality even more quickly than other races there. He said: 'There is a great surplus of population in Germany, and many must necessarily emigrate to the United States or elsewhere. Our colonial policy now gives them a better opportunity to remain under the German flag than formerly.'

"He remarked with pride that the finest business houses and factories in America contained a very large proportion of Germans.

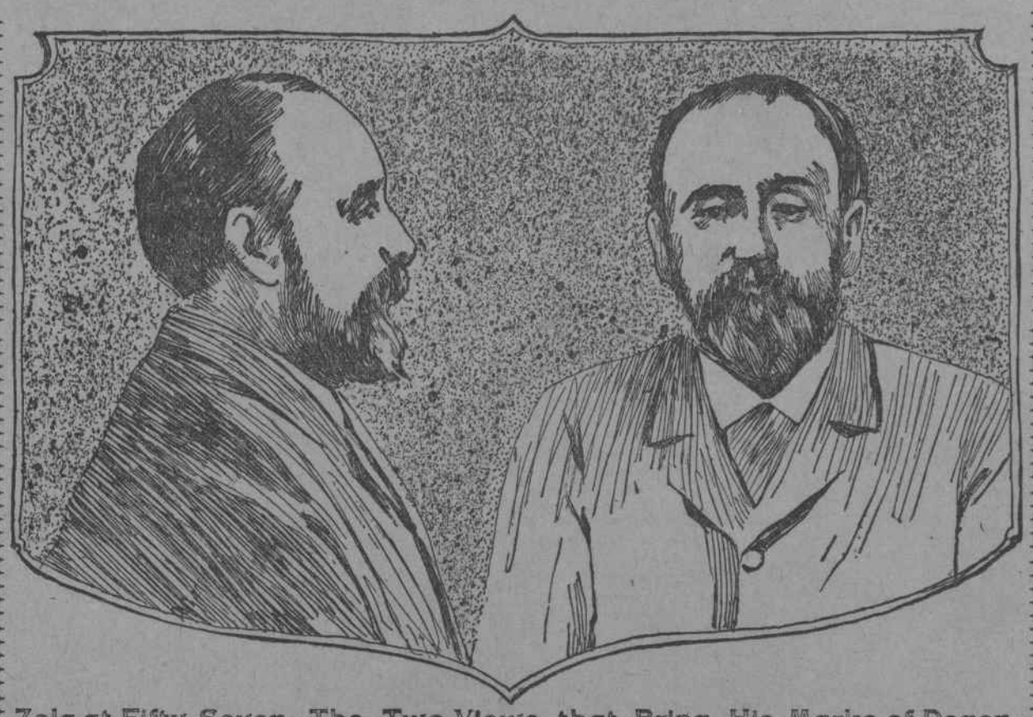
"'When, in my speeches in the Reichstag,' he said, 'I had to deal with commercial subjects, I made use, as far as possible, of the United States Consular reports. These Consuls are not trained for the service like the Europeans, but they are business men, and know the needs of business.'

"He regarded America as having the greatest influence on European civilization. 'In former times,' he said, 'America derived her civilization from Europe. Since 1870 there has been a return current. America is civilizing Europe! The better class of Americans come here, are admitted to the highest society, and exercise a great influence.

"'Americans have had a great influence in modifying European ideas concerning the freedom to be allowed to women. They have also promoted democratic ways in social intercourse.'

"'I believe,' he said, 'that in twenty-five or perhaps fifty years, the Socialistic question will have been fought out in America for the rest of the world. It only can be fought out in a republic, and no republic in Europe can exist without a great military force, and that is absolutely inimical to Socialism.'

"The Prince spoke in very short, clear sentences. He was more American in his forms of language than any German I ever heard."



Zola at Fifty-Seven--The Two Views that Bring His Marks of Degeneracy Out Prominently.

HOW SOME WOMEN HIDE MONEY.

MANY and strange were the devices of our grandmothers for hoarding away their wealth, and even at the present time, despite the facilities offered by banks and burglar-proof safes, there are many women who will not entrust their savings to the keeping of another person, but who search for queer hiding places in which to deposit their worldly possessions.

The stocking bank, the favorite hiding place of a past generation, has now become almost obsolete, except with a very few old-fashioned people in quiet, out-of-the-way villages, yet there are many methods of storing away money and valuables equally as quaint, which are still adopted by ladies.

An elderly spinster who resides in one of the many ancient houses to be found in Boston had a set of stationary drawers topped by cupboards specially built into a huge closet in one of the rooms. The lower drawer, instead of resting directly on the floor, ran on grooves about two inches above it. This lower drawer she would pull out and place large sums of money and all her jewel cases in the space left below, and then replace the drawer, which she kept filled with linen. The old lady would always declare that if the house was broken into and the drawers ransacked, no one would think of pulling them right out, and that her hiding place was far safer than any bank.

Equally shrewd was a woman in Cleveland, who, whenever she had occasion to leave her home at all, would put her money and jewelry in the coal scuttle, covering them up carefully with several layers of coal. This might have proved a somewhat risky experiment in the Winter months, when the fire had to be fed, but their owner felt that no burglar would ever dream of looking in a coal scuttle for valuables.

Another lady once confided to the writer that if she had occasion to leave her house she invariably placed her jewelry in her old shoes, which were placed alongside the new ones. Quite a lot of valuables can be forced down into the toes without giving the slightest evidence of the value therein.

Of other hiding places, perhaps the most popular, especially for paper money, is the big family Bible. It is quite a customary thing in out-of-the-way country houses to thus secure any valuable papers in the possession of the family. Tea caddies and sugar bowls make excellent temporary safes, and the pocket of an old dress hanging in an unconcealed way in a wardrobe is regarded by many women as one of the safest places imaginable for spare rings, brooches and bracelets.

One old lady the other day took her first railroad ride from a Central New York town to this city, so that she might draw her savings from the bank here and place them in the country institution at home. Her money had been here through the panics of '73 and '93, but she thought it safer now, while the war with Spain is on, to take it out and place it nearer her. She would not trust any one but herself to come on and draw the few hundreds.